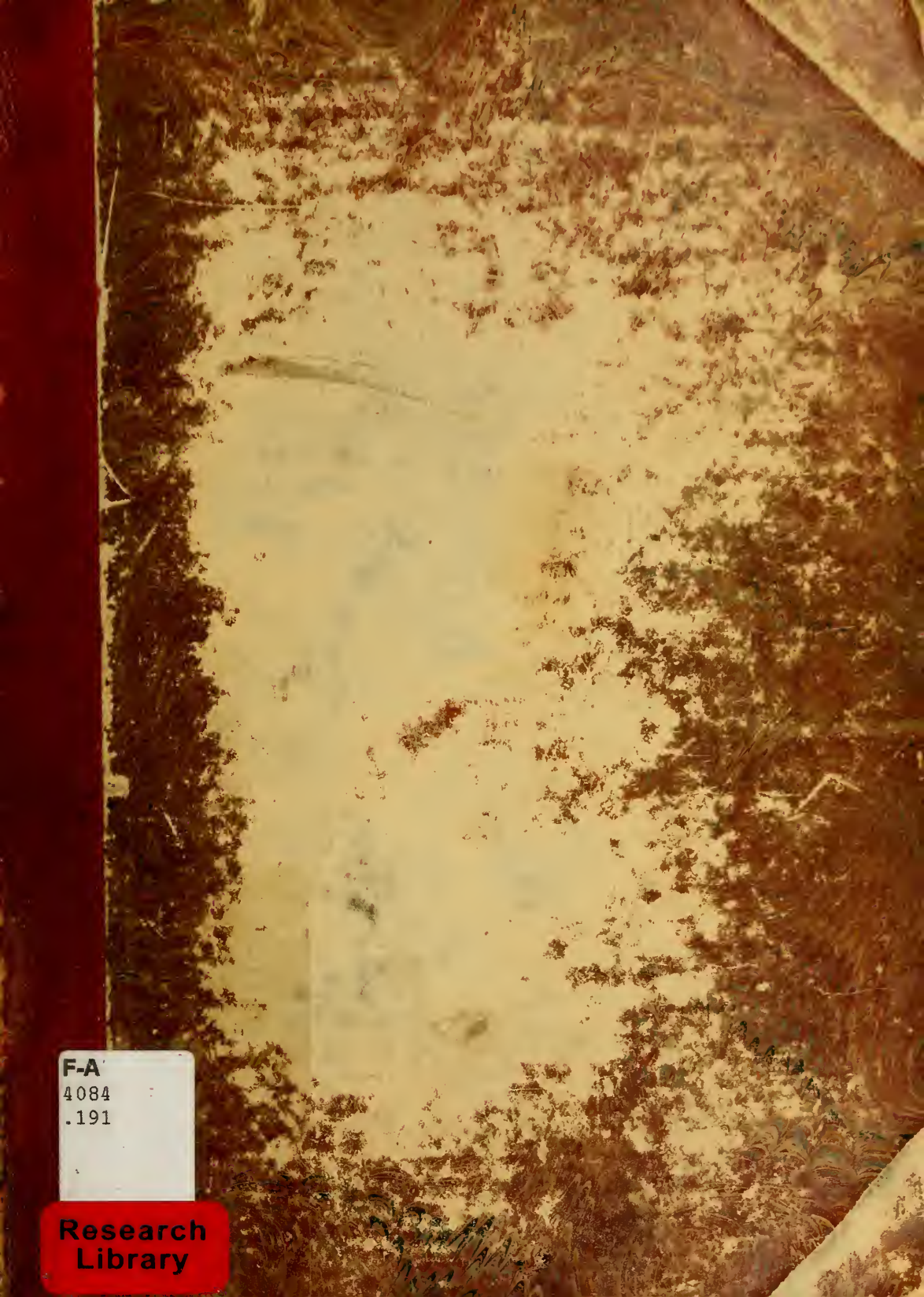

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JEAN-AUGUSTE-DOMINIQUE INGRES: PAINTER

BY OCTAVE UZANNE

TRANSLATED BY HELEN CHISHOLM

IT is doubtful whether in the course of the nineteenth century, rich as it was in varied talent, one could have met with a painter more faithful to his original teaching, or more flatly antagonistic to the revolutionary movement of his time, than was J. A. Dominique Ingres. He was an accentuated type of the man who is absolutely inaccessible to innovating theories, being entirely convinced as to the sacred character of classical beauty, and as to the fundamental truth of a traditional art summed up in essential and necessary formulas. No one ever fought so energetically for his ideas, his æsthetic principles, his retrospective vision, and his technique —a technique with no flashy brilliancy, but purposely sober and severe.

Throughout a long life of toil, that had in it all the inflexible continuity of a straight line, this zealous disciple of J. Louis David followed but one single ideal, exhibited only one manner of painting, and never recognised or professed any other teaching but the one strict doctrine—his own. Despite exacerbated criticism and cruel judgments passed upon his work, despite persistent hostility and unjust scorn, he never made concessions to the taste of an age to whose decadent æsthetics he could not subscribe, any more than he could comprehend the ardent spirit of reform, the need of movement, and the thirst for colour everywhere becoming apparent. He remained the apostle of his antique faith, the indomitable missionary of a religion of Art consecrated to the principles of Raphael, firmly loyal to his inspiration, to his fundamental rules of composition, to his ideal of beauty.

When his painted portraits, his religious and allegorical works, his mythological and historical subjects, or his studies from the masters unloosed the passions of his adversaries, he showed the serenity and resignation of a martyr to his faith, putting his trust in Time, the pacificator and adjudicator, and declaring, with a mixture of pride and good sense: "It matters little that I am mocked to-day, I shall surely conquer by my perseverance, and I count much upon my old age to avenge me."

J. A. Dominique Ingres commands our esteem, indeed, by the immaculate dignity of his artistic life, ordered throughout for the steady maintenance of his high ideal, even more than by his work itself. That work, however, reflects the radiance of his serene conscientiousness; it reveals the placid temperament of an artistic workman, a stoic by virtue of his patient striving towards perfection, and of that impersonality which is evident in his technique. This brave and noble life certainly compels admiration, and imposes a reverent silence on even the most hostile critics of his work.

Jean Auguste Dominique Ingres, who was afterwards to become known to his admirers and to posterity by the respectful and now sacred appellation of "Monsieur Ingres," was born at Montauban on August 29, 1780. His father, Jean-Marie Joseph Ingres, was a native of Toulouse, and had—as has never been sufficiently recognised—a remarkable taste for the fine arts, though himself but the son of a master-tailor. Draughtsman, decorator, sculptor, architect, miniaturist, musician (a violinist, and possessing a tenor voice), Joseph Ingres was very successful in the free development of his multifarious gifts. An interesting biography of him by Edouard Forestié, published at Montauban in 1886, furnishes us with astonishing details as to his various aptitudes, and as to the interesting works executed by him. During the course of a life devoted to the cause of art, which terminated in 1814, he figured as a sculptor, designed buildings, painted, and made decorations without end. From the point of view of heredity it is interesting to know these facts. In the catalogue of works by Joseph Ingres, we may note a considerable number of statues, medallions, ornaments in bas-relief, oil-paintings, grisailles and decorative panels, drawings in pen-and-ink or wash, pastels, and pretty miniatures, which without being masterpieces have yet a character of distinction, and indicate that if better instructed than was possible in the provinces their creator might have attained a higher destiny.

Ingres' father had opened a school at Montauban for drawing from casts and from the life, and this was where his son began his elementary studies. He soon showed such promise that the family resolved, after a stay at Toulouse, to send him to Paris, to the studio of the great painter Louis David, where he was admitted in 1796. History tells us nothing as to his reception by the future official painter of Napoleon, nor of the artistic relations formed by him here. The young pupil, however, must have worked with dogged determination, for by the year 1800 he had

quitted the ranks, had been admitted to the competition for the Prix de Rome, and had obtained the second prize with a wonderfully constructed picture, drawn and painted very capably, and revealing quite exceptional gifts. The subject was *Antiochus beholding again his Son Scipio who had been made a Prisoner on the Seas.* This picture was burned in Paris during the Commune of 1871. The following year was to see Dominique Ingres the winner of the Grand Prix, and destined for a sojourn in Rome, thanks to the matchless execution of the work sent in by him, *Achilles Receiving the Envoys of Agamemnon in his Tent,* which made the English sculptor Flaxman, who saw the picture when passing through Paris, declare : "I have seen nothing in my travels finer than this student's work."

Public finances would not at the time permit of contributions towards the maintenance of the prize-winners at Rome. So Ingres was a *pensionnaire sans pension,* and was obliged to remain on in Paris for five years, making his living by trivial work for publishers, and in particular by drawing from the antique in the Musée Napoléon. During these toilsome years in the great city he painted the full-length portrait of Napoleon in the dress of the "First Consul," at present in the Musée of Liège, and the portrait of his father—a fine figure of a man, though then over fifty—now in the municipal gallery of Montauban. The artist's own portrait at the age of twenty-four is of the same period (1804), and these works already showed a maturity of talent and mastery of technique which might well strike his contemporaries as something out of the common.

Young Ingres, despite the appearance of rapid success, had known times of hard necessity, and had already learnt by experience the difficulty of pleasing men by methods of sincerity and truth. After having been distinguished by his master Louis David, who in a favourable hour had deigned to invite his collaboration in painting the famous *Portrait of Mme. Récamier,* Ingres began to realise the growing hostility of his great patron, who in his first Roman competition had the Prix d'Honneur awarded quite unfairly to Ingres' fellow pupil Granger, whose composition was mediocre, to say the least of it. Desperately poor, dependent for his livelihood on his little pencil studies, he found some consolation in the warm friendship of two dear comrades, both as poor as himself, and both destined for fame : one of these was the Florentine sculptor, Lorenzo Bartolini, whose portrait he executed in 1805, and whom he was later to come across in Florence ; the other was the Belgian composer and writer on music, Joseph Fétis.

The first important commission that fell to the lot of David's pupil was the official portrait of *Napoleon I. on the Throne,* robed in the pompous trappings of his Imperial purple and ermine. This great canvas, intended for the Hôtel des Invalides, where it still remains, was executed by Ingres in 1806. It is far from being one of the painter's most masterly achievements. The Emperor's attitude is pontifical and solemn to excess ; the painting looks heavy and as if enamelled. Carle Vernet, who saw this

picture, important in size alone, at the Salon of 1806, without a thought of malice let fall the quite fair witticism: "*C'est malingre!*" It is indeed "unhealthy," with its over-emphasis of the *imperial* character, its excessive care for detail, and its need of reconciling so many different sources of interest.

These official commissions served at least one good purpose in providing the impecunious artist with a free lodging in Paris at the ancient convent of the Capuchins, then turned into separate studios, where A. J. Gros, the Napoleonic painter, was also housed. This latter's vast apartment was filled with military, oriental, and decorative bric-à-brac—a necessary storehouse of accessories, destined for use in the grand epic scenes which were to commemorate the glories of the Egyptian campaign in illustrative paintings by the hand that gave us "La Bataille d'Aboukir."

Towards the end of 1806 the Ministry of Fine Arts was at last able to supply the young prize-winner of 1801 with the money requisite for his journey to Italy, and to pay for his board and lodging at the Villa Medici. Ingres joyfully took his departure for the land of the great masters, whose works he had so long yearned to behold. No sooner had he arrived in the Sacred City than he felt seized by a frantic ardour for work. The draughtsman's pencil was never out of his hand, and graphic notes were taken of monuments, mausoleums, accessories of religious art, furniture, civil, military, and monastic costumes, armoury, and architectural details in the churches. He neglected nothing which could yield him information, while perfecting his vigorous and exact method of jotting down detail. Among the mass of drawings preserved at Montauban some of these well-filled little notebooks are still to be found, revealing the prodigious extent of his labour.

He next made a passing visit to Florence and the smaller towns of glorious Umbria. Above all he set himself to follow the footsteps of Raphael, his deity—that divine Sanzio who still influenced him in the highest degree, and to whom he seems to have given his whole artistic soul at first sight. Every artist was then choosing from among his more illustrious predecessors some one master whose dominant influence should be continually manifest in his work. Till then no one had thought of electing Raphael as his patron saint; Ingres was the first artist to dedicate his entire æsthetic passion to this master. His friend Charles Blanc remarks this. "By his kindling words," he writes, "by the avowal of his imitations, by the lofty tone of his criticism, the ardent Montalbanais substituted a well-considered enthusiasm for that foolish, unreasoning, conventional admiration of which Raphael had been the object in every school for three hundred years. He restored the cult of Raphael, and had the more credit in so doing because he himself in no way then personally resembled the great painter whom he adored. He who was so impassioned, whose style was emotional to the verge of exaggeration, strained and arbitrary almost to violence, was chanting the praises

of a genius that was measured in its grandiloquence, discreet in its fertile abundance, temperate and human in its heroism, lofty without effort, and serenely sublime."

By sending to the Beaux-Arts in Paris a copy of the Farnesine *Mercury* as a specimen of his progress, the new student of the Academy of France in Rome was evidently enrolling himself definitely under the banner of his spiritual master, Raphael. The following year, 1808, after having painted the wonderful portrait of Mme. Devançay, one of the most marvellous of his achievements, he sent to Paris *Œdipus explaining the Riddle* (now carefully preserved at the Louvre), which in the eyes of connoisseurs bore eloquent testimony to his extraordinary powers of composition, his faultless mastery of drawing, his admirable treatment of a plastic subject, and his thorough comprehension of the ancient legend.

The confident authority and penetration with which so young a painter interpreted the genius of Greek art disconcerted Ingres' masters and fellow pupils. Critics of the day sought to extol his qualities as a draughtsman, while contemptuously disparaging him as a painter and colourist. This was for long a received convention which considerably influenced public opinion. Nothing, however, could discourage the young neo-Raphaelite, too much absorbed in his study of the art-galleries and in his own work to lend a ready ear to the rare echoes which reached him in letters from friends in Paris.

Works sent from Rome and signed with the name of Ingres followed one another in rapid succession. In 1811 the artist sent his *Jupiter and Thetis* (now in the Museum at Aix), a year later *Romulus the Vanquisher of Acron*, and afterwards that beautiful scene from antiquity representing *Virgil Reading the Sixth Canto of the Æneid to Augustus and Octavia*, the principal rendering of which is now in the Brussels Museum, while admirable drawings by the master's hand for the same subject (the most important is now at the Louvre) have been reproduced by every process of engraving. About this same time—that is, before his return to Paris—he executed some smaller pictures, such as *Francesca da Rimini*, *Raphael and the Fornarina*, and *The Entry of Charles V.*, which are not without some affinity in subject and composition to the work of certain romantic painters of a later date ; and this suggests that Ingres might well have boasted of being the precursor of a school whose most determined adherents combated his views with unexampled animosity. But, to tell the truth, if he was the first apostle of the Romantic, he remained the last supporter of the Classic.

Ingres had all this time to struggle with the indifference of his contemporaries, and in order to secure a modest provision for his material necessities he was obliged to draw, and to sell for ridiculous prices, those little pencil portraits which his fame has made so precious that nowadays lovers of art bid against one another for their possession, and do not grudge banknotes in paying for them. Towards the end of his life, when

recalling those years of penury, Ingres declared that he had produced more than three hundred of these pencil portraits for various foreigners passing through Rome or temporarily settled there, and he calculated that a maximum figure of 8000 francs would represent the entire sum that he made by this modest work. Originally a finished pencil portrait by Ingres was priced at about 40 francs for a "head and shoulders," or 60 for a full-length study. A cicerone of the town, a sort of guide-interpreter, who sometimes brought his temporary employers to have their likenesses taken, received the fee of one crown for each introduction. The artist, however, was very sensitive, and insisted on being treated with much circumspection by his sitters. Somebody who called one day at his lodging and asked familiarly, "The portrait-painter? It's here, isn't it?" had the door violently slammed in his face by Ingres, who exclaimed haughtily: "No, sir; he who lives here has the honour of thinking himself a painter!"

"Most of the pictures executed after he had ceased to be an inmate of the Villa Medici," says the Vicomte Henri Delaborde, "even those which are now the glory of public or private collections, remained in his studio at Rome vainly awaiting a purchaser. If by chance some stranger passing through the Eternal City came and bought one of those despised canvases, the bargain, concluded by the expenditure of some few hundred francs, was at the actual moment as unprofitable to the seller as it was in the future to prove advantageous to the other party: witness that *Great Odalisque*, judged in 1820 to be almost valueless, and now become so famous since the day when it was sold for a price sixty times greater than the terms of its first acquisition—about 1000 francs. When Ingres sent his works to the Paris exhibitions the reception usually accorded to them was not of a nature to compensate him for the indifference or injustice to which he was subject in Rome. Professional connoisseurs, the official counsellors of public opinion, vied with one another as to who could pour most open ridicule, sometimes on the 'unfortunate audacities,' sometimes on the 'deplorable mania for archaism,' of an artist who wanted to set back art for several centuries and resuscitate the style of John of Bruges."

Dominique Ingres continued all the while to hope for more justice from his compatriots; he was fond of quoting Beethoven, who when writing of the want of comprehension shown by his contemporaries said: "I am not anxious as to the fate of my compositions, because I know that in my art God is nearer to me than to other men."

This faith in himself, which persisted until the blessed hour of triumph dawned for him at last, Ingres seems indeed to have possessed in common with many of the greatest spirits of humanity; but protracted waiting in the antechambers of the palace of fame has an extremely chilling effect upon ambitious genius. It must, however, be admitted that until 1814 Ingres was not without powerful support and useful connexions in Imperial circles. General Miollis, M. Marcotte,

M. de Norvains, with Mdmes. de Lavalette, Devançay, and Forgeot, interested themselves in his art, gave him orders for portraits, and bought some of his studies. Joachim Murat, his compatriot of the Cadurca Terra, born on a farm in the neighbourhood of Montauban, displayed real warmth of feeling towards the painter of Quercy. Not only did he engage him to paint portraits of Caroline Murat and other members of his family, but in 1812 he further commissioned him to execute the *Dream of Ossian*, destined for the ceiling of one of the rooms in the Palazzo di Montecavallo, which Napoleon I. was to occupy during his projected stay in Rome. The *Sleeper of Naples* (afterwards lost), the *Great Odalisque*, and the *Betrothal of Raphael*, are some of the works executed expressly for Murat, to whom also Ingres probably owed the commission, in 1813, for the *Sixtine Chapel*, otherwise called *Pope Pius VII. Celebrating Mass.* Several other works executed between 1809 and 1814 may very well be attributed to the patronage of this munificent monarch.

The return of the Bourbons was not so favourable to the interest of Napoleon's portrait-painter. In 1813 the artist had married Madeleine Chapelle, who had come to join him in Rome. The engagement was brought about by correspondence. Dominique Ingres had plighted his troth before even seeing her who was to share his hard years of trial, and who died after thirty-five years of happy union, in July 1849.

It was, in fact, shortly after his marriage, and during the first years of the Restoration, that Ingres felt the pinch most severely. In 1815, driven by necessity, he sketched out the *Duke of Alva at Ste. Gudule*; the following year came *Pietro Aretino and the Envoy of Charles V.*; and later, from 1816 to 1819, appeared the *Death of Leonardo da Vinci*, *Roger and Angelica*, *Henri IV. and his Children*, *Philip V. giving the Order of the Golden Fleece to the Maréchal de Berwick after the Battle of Almanza*. He also painted portraits of M. Cortot the sculptor, M. Boyer, and M. Granet the painter (the latter with that delightful view of Rome in perspective as a background); of M. Paul Lemoine the sculptor, the Vicòmtesse de Sénonnes (a masterpiece), and various others. He even began a study of Louis XVIII., from a miniature, no doubt with the intention of making himself a *persona grata* at the new Court: but this was a mere caprice.

Towards 1820, tired of paying court to a decidedly adverse fortune, he moved to Florence, where he found his friend the sculptor Bartolini (then forty-three years of age) already settled. Of him Ingres made a very fine second portrait, shortly before undertaking those of M. and Mdme. Leblanc—the latter in particular is an incomparably perfect piece of work.

The first years of their stay in Florence were very distressful years for the husband and wife. The artist's companion during these times of trial and sacrifice proved the most capable of housewives and the most devoted servant to her husband, whose clothes she even sometimes

went so far as to fashion with her own hands. Ingres once more had recourse to pencil portraits ; for they had to live, however humbly.

According to Henri Delaborde, an intelligent and generous Englishman whose portrait Ingres had drawn in pencil had taken it into his head to make a collection of similar portraits of the various members of his family, of his friends, and of others for whom he cared or in whom he was interested. This kindly Britisher proposed to the clever draughtsman, whose worth he had the rare discrimination to perceive, that he should take him to London and give him work enough to keep him comfortably for two years, promising him that at the end of that time he should have a sum large enough to enable him to travel as he liked. Ingres hesitated, and by his wife's advice refused definitely. Both he and she preferred absolute independence, even though associated with poverty. This may be regretted for the sake of the fine works which he might otherwise have left in England. After all, the hardships of their sojourn in Florence were soon alleviated by the encouragement of Count Amédée de Pastoret, who commissioned Ingres to paint *The Entry of Charles V. into Paris* (1821), and who, a little later, intervened officially in order to obtain from the French Ministry of Fine Arts a commission for the *Vow of Louis XIII.* The grateful artist executed a portrait of Count Amédée (afterwards Marquis de Pastoret), which was exhibited at the Paris Salon in 1827.

The painter of the *Great Odalisque* never troubled himself much about money, and asked for nothing but to be able to work without absolutely dying of hunger. About 1822 he wrote from Florence to a friend in Montauban, M. Gilibert : "The love of gain has never made me hurry over my work, which is conceived and executed in a spirit quite foreign to that of modern days. In fact the greatest defect of my achievements in the eyes of my enemies is that they do not sufficiently resemble their own. I do not know which of us will prove right in the end. We must await the tardy but equitable judgment of posterity. At all events, I wish it to be known that my works recognise no other rule than that of the ancients, the great masters who flourished in that century of glorious memory when Raphael fixed the eternal and indisputable limits of the sublime in art. I believe I have proved in my works that my sole ambition is to resemble them, and to continue the life of art by taking it up where they left it."

We see the lofty pride of the painter in the very midst of his struggles. He repeated this later, as though affirming his conscious superiority : "Yes, I may be accused of fanaticism about Raphaelism and the artists of his age, but I shall never be modest save before Nature and their masterpieces. Every step of progress in my career I owe solely to my constant and profound study of those law-givers of art. Their successors have taught me nothing but what is vicious, and what I have had to forget." We see what an excessive contempt he had for modern times !

In 1824 he who became known by the name of "the modern Raphael" at last experienced almost undisputed success with the exhibition in the Paris Salon of his *Vow of Louis XIII.*, for the Cathedral of Montauban. Admirers of his work were now in a large majority, and imposed silence on the cavillers. Ingres had endeavoured to import into the composition of this picture—the subject of which was a rather ungrateful one—a strength of effect, an elevated style, and a powerful originality, in undisguised imitation of the great Italian masters. He had returned to Paris almost with trembling, bringing his picture with him, and dreading a frigid reception; and he was encouraged by finding himself congratulated by his then famous comrades in art—the future Baron Gros, Gérard, Girodet, Dupaty, and others. Ingres himself was not altogether satisfied with his work; but its exhibition in the Salon, which at that time was held in the Salle Carrée of the Louvre during the foggy days of November, helped to allay his fears. The effect of his picture was here seen to much better advantage: the figure of the Virgin, the light falling from above, the folds of the royal mantle—everything gained in harmony, and the general effect was quieter than in his Florence studio in the Via delle belle Donne, where it had been painted.

This was the young artist's second essay in religious painting. The first dated from 1820, and was the *Jesus Christ giving St. Peter the Keys of Paradise*, which he had painted for the Church of the Trinità dei Monti at Rome.

The *Vow of Louis XIII.*, however questionable its merits may now appear to us, helped to confirm the painter's reputation, and to give him a definite footing on the road to distinction. From this time forward Ingres, well started on his way to success, cherished hopes of entering the Institute; and on the death of Girodet in 1825 he was installed in the place of the deceased. He now embarked upon a full-length portrait of Charles X.; he set up two studios, one in the little Rue des Marais St. Germain, afterwards the Rue Visconti; and he opened a school of art which one of his pupils, Amaurez Duval, afterwards described in a book entitled *L'Atelier d'Ingres.* Ingres now thought he might make a great hit by painting the *Apotheosis of Homer*, which was originally intended for the ceiling of the Musée Charles X. at the Louvre—a majestic and weighty project, the source of infinite trouble and much searching of heart to the artist who had undertaken it.

As may be seen, this *Apotheosis of Homer* belongs in substance and in intention to the same family as Poussin's *Testament of Eudomidas*, and Louis David's *Death of Socrates.* So mighty a work had the effect of definitely placing the master who, with such a profound knowledge of the spirit of antiquity, had brought it to such a successful completion, in the first rank of renowned Frenchmen of the nineteenth century.

Admission to the studio which he had opened to pupils became more and more sought after. In the course of a few years some notable

disciples had been trained by him there ; a little cold, like himself, but earnest seekers after truth, and convinced of their mission as apostles of the noble and pure in drawing. Hippolyte Flandrin, Théodore Chassériau, and Lehmann, were among his best pupils. From 1827 to 1834 he taught both by direct example and by word of mouth. To judge by reading his "Art Note-books," found after his death and published in part, his lessons must have been perspicacious and synthetical, asserting almost to exaggeration the principles laid down therein.

The *Martyrdom of St. Symphorian*, a large canvas containing numerous figures, now placed in the transept of the Cathedral at Autun, followed the *Apotheosis of Homer*, but was far from being received with equal favour. Criticism of this picture was exceedingly bitter, and the artist felt it to such a degree as to think of going once more into exile.

He did indeed quit France some years later, in 1834, but it was with fresh honours, and in order to succeed Horace Vernet in Rome as Director of the Academy of France at the Villa Medici. Ingres remained there until 1841, sending successively to the various Paris exhibitions his *Stratonice*, the *Little Odalisque*, the *Virgin with the Host*, and the *Portrait of Cherubini*, winding up in 1842 with the regrettable addition of the *Muse of Lyric Poetry, Mother of the Sacred Hymns*. This allegorical figure, unhappily conceived and executed, is now at the Louvre, and is esteemed but little at the present day. It is a portrait of Mdlle. de Rayneval, the daughter of the first secretary to the French Embassy at Rome, painted about 1840.

On his return to Paris in the beginning of 1841, "Monsieur Ingres," as he was already called, was a constant topic of conversation on account of the frequent and sensational production of his works. The sad loss of his first wife in 1849, and his second marriage three years later with Mdlle. Delphine Ramel (a lady aged about thirty, while the veteran painter was then over sixty), were also events which occupied the attention of Paris. Honours now crowded upon the quondam Director of the Académie de France at Rome. In 1855 one of the Grand Medals of the Exposition Universelle was unanimously awarded to him ; the Emperor Napoleon made him a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour ; and lastly, in 1862, he entered the Senate without having needed to solicit this fresh distinction. He died on January 14, 1867, at No. 11 Quai Voltaire, where his widow continued to reside up to the day of her death, which took place about 1895, and for a long while the rooms remained just as Ingres had had them decorated. In his will he bequeathed to the town of Montauban more than three thousand drawings and painted studies, his manuscript notes, various valuable works, his violin, his books of music, the painted portrait of Raphael as a young man, the portrait of his father, and many other family treasures.

Such, then, is a succinct summary of the life of the French neo-Raphael of the nineteenth century : a man who sincerely believed that the ideal in art is the "quintessence of truth," and that "style" should

be "human," in the sense in which the ancient gods and Greek heroes typified the emotions of humanity in the Golden Age of the world.

From 1840 to 1867—that is to say, in the latter part of the great painter's life—his productivity in the matter of important pictures was steadily maintained. I give a list of titles, which will complete the enumeration made in the course of my sketch of the artist's life up to his final return to Paris in 1841 :

1840. *Raphael and the Fornarina.*
1842. Cartoons painted for the Chapel of St. Ferdinand at Sablonville.
1844. Cartoons painted for stained glass in the Chapel of Dreux.
1845. Portrait of Mme. la Comtesse d'Haussonville.
1846. Portrait of Mme. Frédéric Reiset.
1848. *Venus Anadyomène; Aretino at the house of Tintoret;* portrait of Mme. la Baronne James de Rothschild.
1850. *The Golden Age:* a mural painting begun in 1841 at the Château de Dampierre, continued by the painter in 1850, and finally abandoned by him, unfinished, in a moment of dissatisfaction.
1851. *Jupiter and Antiope.*
1852. Portrait of Mme. Gonse ; portrait of Mme. Moitessier (a full-length).
1853. Portrait of Mme. la Princesse de Broglie; *Apotheosis of Napoleon I.* (executed for the Hôtel de Ville in Paris; burnt in 1871).
1854. *Joan of Arc at the Coronation of Charles VII.* ; *The Virgin with the Host.*
1855. Portrait of Prince Jerome Napoleon.
1856. *La Source; The Blessed Germaine of Pibrach* (for the Church of Sapiac, near Montauban).
1858. *The Blessed Virgin; Molière at the Table of Louis XIV.* ; *The Birth of the Muses.*
1859. *Coronation of the Virgin; Angelica Bound to the Rock;* portrait of the painter's second wife; portrait of the painter by himself (for the Uffizi at Florence).
1860. *The Sickness of Antiochus* (a second version of the *Stratonice*); *The Virgin with the Host* (a new version).
1862. *Jesus among the Doctors* (in the Musée Ingres at Montauban); *The Golden Age* (a small picture).
1864. *Œdipus and the Sphinx* (a variant); *Interior of a Harem*, or *The Turkish Bath.*
1865. Portrait of Julius Cæsar (for Napoleon III., the biographer of Julius Cæsar).
1866. *Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides.*

I mention here only the master's principal pictures. The list of Ingres' works is complicated by the number of replicas, variants, different versions, and the various studies for his pictures. Compilers of catalogues, however careful they may have been in drawing up the

list of his existing pictures, often find themselves unwittingly in fault. The painter of *Stratonice*, rarely satisfied with his compositions, continually repeated them, with subtle changes that are more or less appreciable; so that in various museums—from the Louvre, Chantilly, Montpellier, and Aix, to the Musée Bonnat at Bayonne—and also in private collections, there are an astonishing number of repetitions of works which upset our calculations and escape the notice of critics.

Of the numerous works produced by Ingres in his latter years, *La Source* is the most celebrated, and the most attractive to the general public; it is, besides, the most harmonious in its purity of line, the refinement and breadth of its modelling, its delicate colouring, and its perfection of form. It has been, perhaps, more popularised than any other of the master's pictures. Etchings and engravings, as well as lithographs and photographs, have reproduced it over and over again. The beautiful form of the nude figure may seem to have been idealised by the artist, but an unpublished anecdote tells us that when Ingres was painting his first conception of the picture in his studio at No. 11 Quai Voltaire, he was in despair at not being able to find a model to please him. His concierge, who did the work of his studio, seeing him so cast down on this account, said to him timidly: "Ah, Monsieur Ingres, if I dared——!" "Well, what?" "Monsieur Ingres, if I dared propose my daughter to you? She's sixteen, pretty and plump; you might take her as a model. Oh, of course the child would be a little shy. But to serve you, Monsieur Ingres, she would do it willingly." Ingres accepted. The figure of the little concierge was a masterpiece of radiant grace. The old æsthete was dazzled by her beauty: never, he declared to his friends, had he beheld such a perfect example of womanhood.

Ingres has had numerous apologists and an even greater number of detractors, who have alike fallen into extremes either of loud-voiced praise, or of depreciation, blackening of character, and unjustifiable accusations. Among criticisms whose pronouncements really deserve to live, hardly any but the writings of Charles Baudelaire bear the stamp of right proportion and honest fairness.

On the occasion of the 1855 Exhibition, where the painter of the *Apotheosis of Homer* triumphed so openly, the poet of the "Fleurs du Mal" published some remarkable notes on various men and their works, which were included in a miscellany entitled "Curiosités Esthétiques." Apropos of Ingres, Charles Baudelaire asks himself: "What is M. Ingres' quest and dream? What has he come to tell the world? What new addition does he bring to the gospel of painting?"

"I should like to think," he answers himself, "that his ideal consists partly in health, partly in calmess—almost indifference: something, in fact, analogous to the antique ideal, to which he has added the complexities and minutiæ of modern art. It is this combination which gives his works their peculiar charm. Thus enamoured of an ideal which

unites in a seductive and adulterous bond the calm solidity of Raphael with the studied refinements of a woman of fashion, M. Ingres should be very successful in portraiture. It is indeed in this department that he has achieved his greatest, his most legitimate triumph. He is not, however, one of those painters by the hour to whom a vulgarian may go, purse in hand, and ask for a reproduction of his uncomely person. M. Ingres chooses his models; he chooses them with wonderful tact; they are those best fitted to show off his special kind of talent. Beautiful women, opulent natures, serene blooming health : in these he delights and triumphs.

"M. Ingres," continues Baudelaire, "should be considered as a man gifted with high qualities, an eloquent lover of beauty, but devoid of that energetic temperament which is the fatality of genius. His leading preoccupations are a taste for the antique and respect for a school. In short, admiration comes easy to him, and his mind is rather eclectic, as is the case with all those who are lacking in fatality."

By the word "fatality" the author of "Petits Poèmes en Prose" meant to express the idea that Ingres was not one of those exceptional forces of nature that pass across the firmament of art like a thunderbolt, one of those temperaments calculated to bring the world new sensations : not, that is to say, a great genius, astounding, superhuman. He cannot, for instance—about this there is no doubt—be compared to that marvellous man, J. M. W. Turner, who arose so spontaneously, like a Napoleon in the world of English painting, almost at the precise date when Ingres was developing his talent slowly, dogmatically, and austerely, in the classic groove of antiquity.

In French national art Ingres represents a sort of renascence of Poussin's masculine beauty and Eustache Lesueur's strictly and nobly graphic art. To relate him to those two masters is to award him a place of very high esteem. If we turn for a perfect expression of Ingres' mental attitude to his *Notes et Pensées* we shall find there a spirit of erudition, a smack of the professor and dogmatist, rather than moral independence or a cult of innate originality. He dreaded in art any truth that was not authenticated by the testimony of the Italian masters, above all by Raphael's. He looked for fundamental truths that were based upon the experience of the ages ; everything else seemed to him paradoxical and false.

Never was artist at once more refractory to the idea of evolution, more staunch in his adherence to tradition, or less daring in practice. "There is but one art," he proclaimed, "that which is founded on the beautiful, natural and eternal. What do those would-be artists mean who preach the discovery of something new ? Everything has been done ; everything has been found out."

This quotation serves to show the rigorous doctrine and the intellectual and æsthetic tendencies of Dominique Ingres. He was the apostle of *misoneism*, the denier of new formulas ; or, as one might say, the engineer

of a stream of art narrowly confined within its banks from its source to its present position, with no permissible deviation.

However we may criticise his ideas and opinions, we cannot but respect them ; for they were strictly at one with his life, his unassailable convictions, and his character instinct with dignified virtue. His genius was essentially retrospective : that is all one can say, without attaching to the statement either praise or blame.

J. A. Dominique Ingres has now achieved his conquest of posterity ; he grows in stature in proportion as the new generations behold him from a greater and greater distance, like monuments whose full magnitude cannot be perceived while one stands immediately beneath them, but as one recedes their majestic proportions are seen gradually dominating the whole extent of the horizon. Though the technique of the painter still encounters often justifiable strictures, the masterly quality of the portraitist and draughtsman can be approached with nothing less than enthusiastic admiration. The art of pure drawing was never prosecuted with more care for exactitude or with more intense regard for the expression of detail. He ranks for ever among the masters of portraiture whose robust qualities have placed their names as high as any on the honours-list of art.

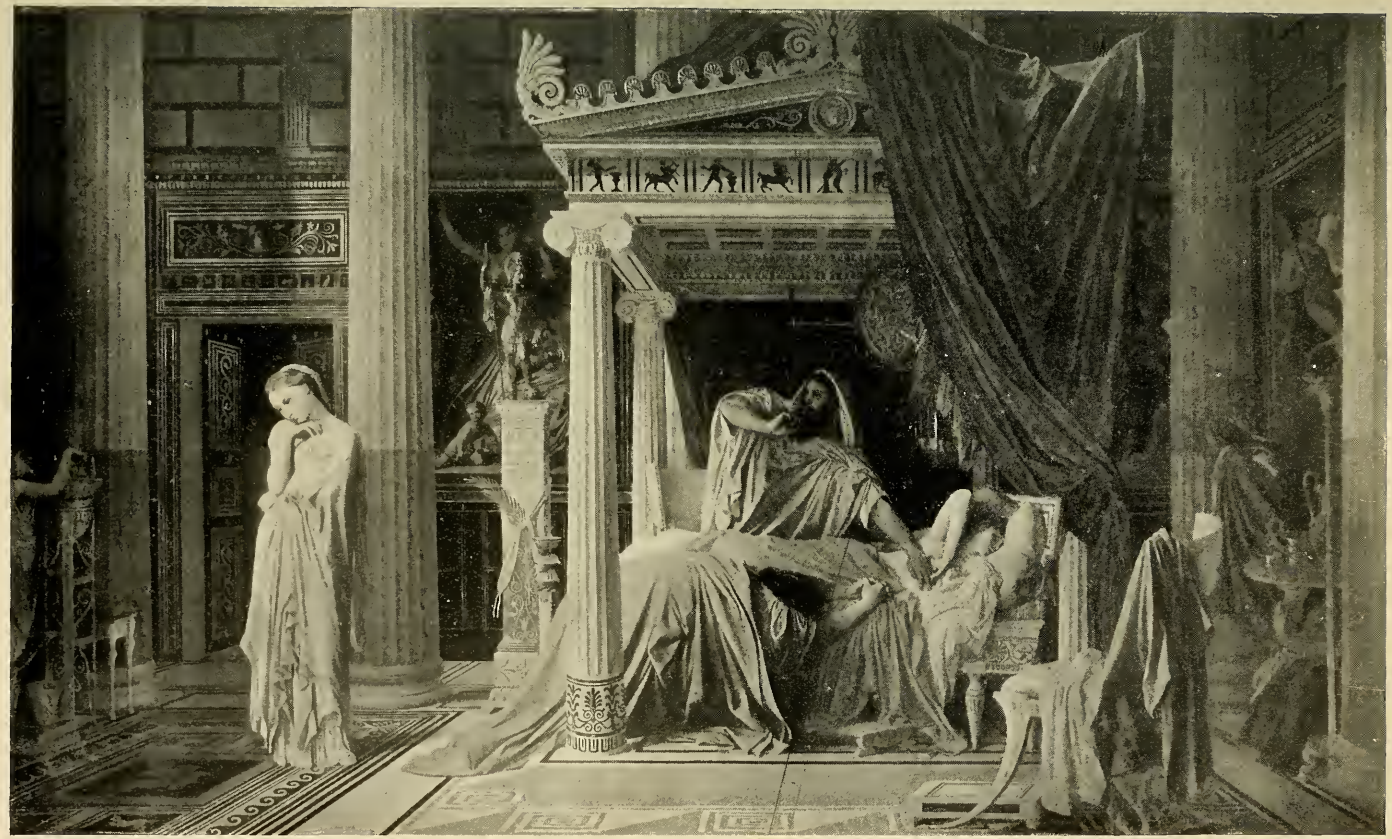
The artistic merit of Dominique Ingres will henceforward be apparent to every one. The apotheosis of the classic master is definitive. At the present day he counts his greatest admirers in the camp of the most advanced schools : it is the realistic and impressionist painters who most highly exalt his memory. In a recent exhibition his works figured beside those of Edouard Manet ; and a like reverence was paid without distinction to the two masters who of old would infallibly have been contrasted like God and the Devil, while at the present day public veneration unites them, and rightly, in one and the same religion of conscientiousness, truth, and beauty.

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST

Photo, Braun, Clément
CHANTILLY MUSEUM

THE VOW OF LOUIS XIII

Photo, Braun, Clément
MONTAUBAN CATHEDRAL



STRATONICE (FIRST VERSION)

Photo, Giraudon
CHANTILLY MUSEUM

Photo, Braun, Clément

MADAME LA COMTESSE D'HAUSSONVILLE

DUKE OF ORLEANS, SON OF LOUIS-PHILIPPE

Photo, Braun, Clément
VERSAILLES MUSEUM

MADAME DE SESONNES

Photo, Braun, Clément
NANTES MUSEUM

Photo, E. Drue

STUDY FOR THE FIGURE IN THE MUSE OF CHÉRUBINI

IN POSSESSION OF THÉODORE DURET, ESQ.

M. CORDIER

LOUVRE

VIRGIL READING THE ÆNEID
(FRAGMENT)

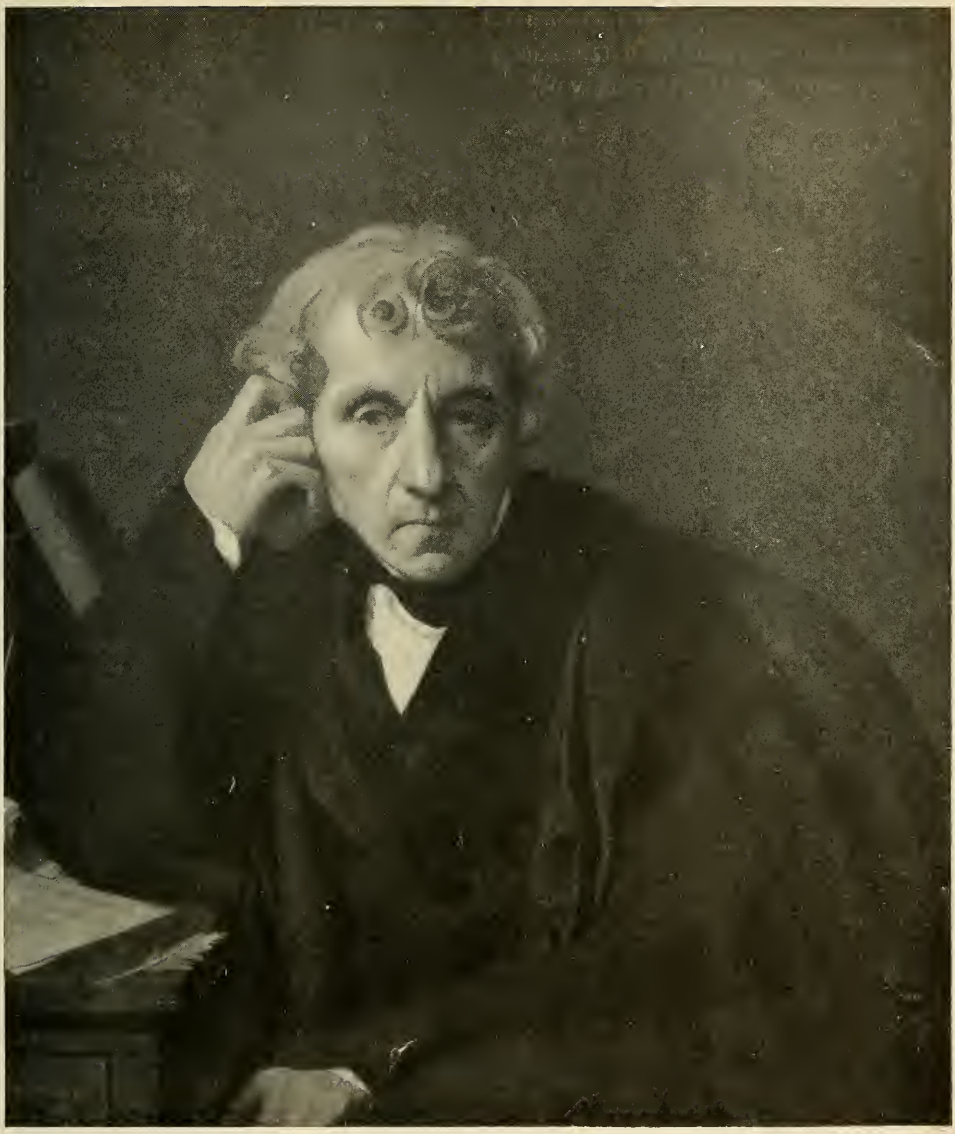
BRUXELLES MUSE

Photo, Braun, Clément

LORENZO BARTOLINI (FLORENTINE SCULPTOR)

Photo, Braun, Clément

VIRGIN AND CHILD



Photo, Braun, Clement

L. CHERUBINI — LOUVRE

SLEEPING INFANT (STUDY)

Photo, Giraudon
MONTAUBAN MUSEUM

MADAME RIVIERE

Photo, Giraudon
LOUVRE

SKETCH FOR THE PAINTING IN SISTINE CHAPEL

Photo, Achille Bouis
MONTAUBAN MUSEUM

VIRGIN AND THE SACRED HOST

Photo, Giraudon
LOUVRE

CEREMONY IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL

Photo, Achille Bouis
MONTAUBAN MUSEUM

Photo, Braun, Clément

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI AND
PAOLO MALATESTA

CHANTILLY MUSEUM

Photo, Braun, Clement

CHARLES X

BEAUX-ARTS GALLERY

Photo, Giraudon

VIRGIN AND THE SACRED HOST (SECOND VERSION)

Photo, Braun, Clément

LOUIS MATHIEU MOLÉ, PAIR DE FRANCE

CHRIST COMMITTING TO PETER THE KEYS OF PARADISE — LOUVRE

Photo, Achille Bouis

THE PAINTER'S FATHER — MONTAUBAN MUSEUM

M. ROCHET

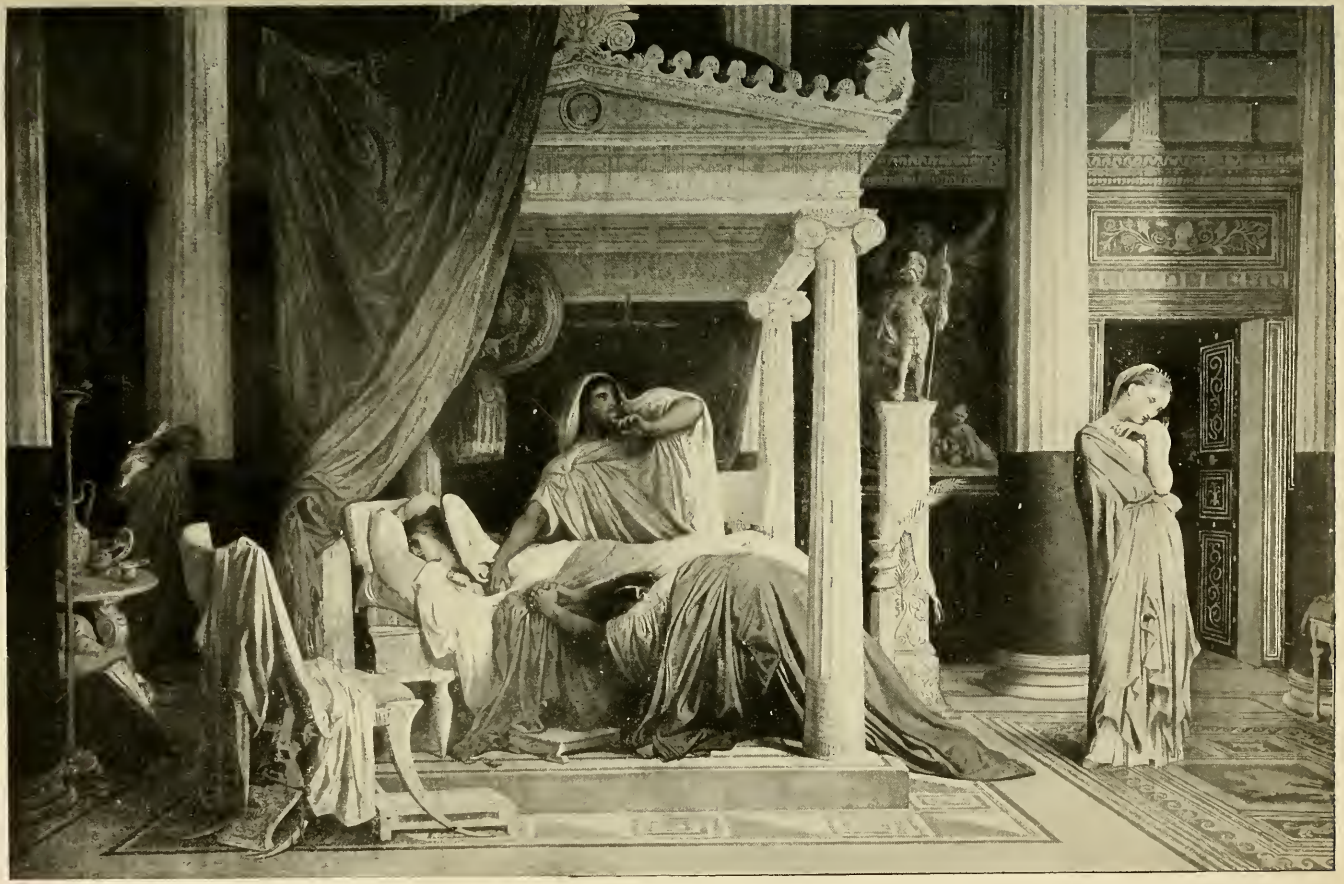
Photo, Braun, Clément
LOUVRE

CHRIST BEFORE THE DOCTORS

Photo, Achille Bouis
MONTAUBAN MUSEUM

Photo, Braun, Clément

PORTRAIT OF THE PAINTER — UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE



STRATONICE (SECOND VERSION)

Photo, Giraudon
MONTPELIER MUSEUM

THE SISTINE CHAPEL — LOUVRE

MADAME DELAUZAT AND HER SON (STUDY)

Photo, Achille Bouès
MONTAUBAN MUSEUM

MARSHAL OF BERWICK RECEIVING THE GOLD CHAIN FROM PHILIPPE V.

(*Photo, Braun, Clément*
IN POSSESSION OF LORD FITZ JAMES

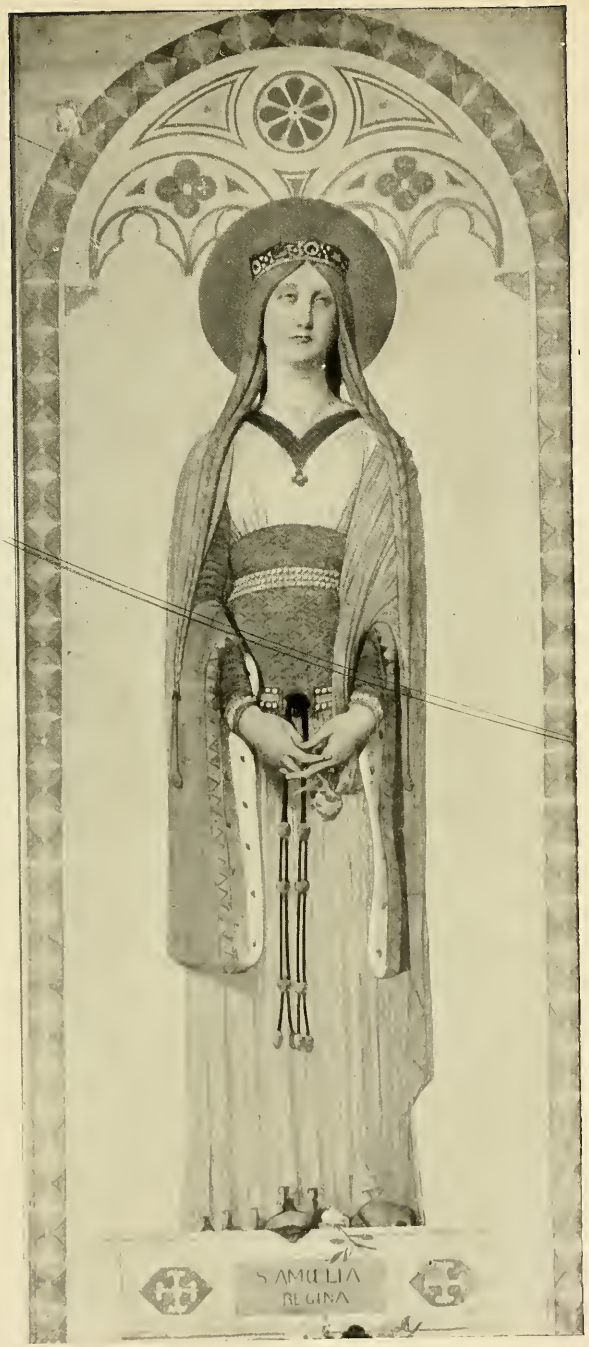
CARTOON FOR WINDOW IN CHAPEL OF ST. FERDINAND AT DREUX

ST. ANTHONY (CARTOON FOR COMMEMORATIVE CHAPEL OF SABLONVILLE IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE DUC D'ORLEAN'S DEATH, 1842)

ST. FRANCIS — FOR CHAPEL OF SABLONVILLE

ST. CAMILLA CHAPEL OF SABLONVILLE

ST. CHARLES — CHAPEL OF SABLONVILLE



ST. AMELIA CHAPEL OF SABLONVILLE

ST. FERDINAND (PATRON OF THE DUC D'ORLEANS)

CHAPEL OF SABLONVILLE

ST. LUDOVIC CHAPEL OF SABLONVILLE

ST. HELENA CHAPEL OF SABLONVILLE